

Something new for the needleworker! This beautiful design can be transferred by the new process explained below without using the old, tedious tracing paper method.



BUTTONHOLING

SATIN STITCH

EYELET STITCH

The beauty of a collar of this design depends wholly upon heavy padding and neatness of embroidery stitches. The pattern must stand out in bold relief and each figure must be an emphasis to the design. Loose padding, as often made with a chain or briarstitch is useful on petals, but all small figures should be padded solidly. Note the mode of embroidering the buttonhole stitch as herein illustrated. The work is done toward and not from the operator, and this insures smooth threads, and seldom does the thread snarl or break. This pattern can be transferred to a winter fabric, and it would be very handsome worked in a solid tone of silk. Deep navy silk with dots of red, gold or green would be effective upon a blue cloth. The entire pattern could be finished in wood brown silk upon any of the numerous brown tints, or it would look rich if completed wholly in black. If the jacket is for jaunty afternoon wear, Oriental tints in several colors would heighten the beauty of the garment.

Put a cake of soap (laundry soap will do) in a pint of hot water, stir vigorously and remove the soap. Saturate this design with the soap and water mixture, then remove the excess moisture by partially drying the saturated design or by applying a sheet of blotting paper. Place the material or fabric to which the design is to be transferred on a hard, flat surface and lay the design, face down, upon the material. When rubbing, you can see if enough pressure is being applied by lifting a corner of the design to note how well it's taking. Do not wet the material nor rub the face of the design with damp fingers. To remove the design lines after the article is completed, wash in warm water, with soap. The entire process is very simple and with a little care you can easily make perfect transfers to any kind of goods.

TO TRANSFER THIS DESIGN.

PATENT PENDING.

Unauthorized use of this process by any publication or firm, either directly or indirectly, is strictly forbidden. World Color Printing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

ST. HELENA TO-DAY

No Napoleonic Tradition Survives Among Islanders.

EMPEROR'S HOMESTEAD EMPTY

Excellent Golf Course Affords Those Who Love the Game a Chance to Spend a Few Enjoyable Hours. Rich Grasslands and Woods in Plenty—The Death Rate.

Untraveled Americans know nothing about St. Helena except that Napoleon was a prisoner there and died at Longwood, says a writer in the Detroit Tribune.

The general idea is that the island is a barren rock, and so it may appear to passengers on passing ships. But the scenery in the uplands of St. Helena is very beautiful.

There are rich grasslands, woods in plenty, and hills covered with an extraordinary variety of tropical and other vegetation.

Climate Is Healthy.

The climate is probably the healthiest in the world. In 1908 the death rate was only 4 per cent. The number of deaths was 23, 11 of them being of persons either one year or over 70 years of age. St. Helena would make an ideal sanatorium.

Therefore there is no foundation for the statement often made that Napoleon after his downfall was condemned to a bad climate so that it might end his life.

Practically no Napoleonic tradition now survives among the islanders. The old house at Longwood, where the Emperor passed the last six years of his life, is empty and the French government spends very little in keeping it in repair. Close by there is an excellent golf course of nine holes.

Chose Resting Place.

This stream is called the Sane, and was thus named many years before Napoleon was taken to St. Helena. The fact is curious, because in his will he expressed the wish that his body should lie on the banks of the River Seine, as it does now. But Napoleon himself, unaware of the

name of the little stream in the valley, chose it as his temporary resting place. Napoleon liked that valley. He sat in it a great deal, and people who picture him standing on a barren, volcanic rock would be surprised if they could see how charming that favorite spot is.

There still exist the venetian shutters in Count Bertrand's old house, through which the Emperor used to peep at the British troops drilling on Deadwood Plain.

Napoleon did not like the idea of being seen, so in the shutters he had two holes made—one on a level with his eye when standing and the other when seated. The shutters, with holes complete, are still in that little front room.

CRADLE A BACK NUMBER.

The Hand That Rocked It Has Fallen Into Disrepute.

Like so many time-honored institutions, from Plymouth Rock to patent medicines, the hand that rocked the cradle has fallen into disrepute, and the cradle itself, says Dr. Frances H. MacCarthy, in her recently published handbook of "Hygiene for Mother and Child," "is now used so seldom that it has become almost a curiosity."

The modern mother has discovered that the low cradle was so close to the floor that it exposed the baby to drafts and dust. Moreover, rocking made the baby nervous, and the more he remonstrated the more he was rocked, until his little brains were addled and his little helpless stomach sadly upset.

No longer can it be said to woman's glory that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," for the woman-hater will retort sarcastically that the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that makes a great deal of trouble in the world.

But the modern mother has some failings still, so Dr. MacCarthy implies. She does not put the baby to bed at regular hours, she does not leave him alone on his little back to go to sleep uncooped, and she leaves a light in his room, thus fostering that most pitiful of childish troubles, fear of the dark.

There was once a dear child in a story book who defended her plea for a bedroom candle by quoting the Bible, "Let there be light," and as the head of that household was a clergyman the child won her case. A physician's baby would have been left in the dark to sleep much more soundly.

Darkness is just as important at the other end of the night, too. Many children awake very early, chiefly because the morning light shines into the room. Slatted blinds painted a dark color are suggested as preferable to dark curtains, as they allow more air to enter the room.

WIDOWS WIN FAVOR

Each Given 100 Herring Annually in Maine Town.

IS A TIME-HONORED CUSTOM

Little Talk of Tax on Bachelors—At the End of Each Year Fully Fifty Women Claim the Allotted Share. Man in Charge Says It Is Not Charity, and None Is Overlooked.

From the New York World.

In one place in the United States at least, and that's Pembroke, Me., widows are in favor. Nor is there talk of a tax on bachelors.

One hundred of the largest and tenderest herring is the annuity offered to all widows residing in the town of Pembroke.

It is a time-honored custom, beyond the oldest inhabitant's memory. At the end of the year's run about fifty women claim the share allotted to widows.

The wivers are town property, and the law providing that 10,000 herring be taken from each season's catch and returned to the lake is rigidly observed. But whoever of the 150 residents may find himself deprived of his share, the widows are certain of obtaining theirs.

Looks After Widows.

John Le Farge is in charge of the fishing and he sees to it that every householder gets all the herring he is entitled to, always with an eye to it that no widow is overlooked on the extra 100.

"It is not charity," he says. "The way we look at it is that large, tender herring is about the best the town can offer without charge, and in the old days it must have been quite a help to a woman whose husband died to have such a quantity of ever ready food on hand. The custom is honored, and no one cares to break it, and, to tell the truth, the herring are mighty tender."

"With the present supply of herring we see no reason why we should worry about widows becoming numerous."

Both Exempt.

From the Pittsburgh Post.

"Do your daughters help their mother with the housework?"

"We wouldn't think of exacting it. Muriel is temperamental and Zaza is intense."

AUTUMN BRIDES OPPOSED TO THE PRINTING OF THEIR AGES

Because the old arithmetical but "How old is Ann?" doesn't start in causing a commotion with the up-to-date query, "How old is the bride," the Society for the Suppression in Print of the Ages of Prospective Brides has been formed in Washington.

That fellow who made up the "Ann" problem started people talking about ages. Every time the newspapers printed a story of a wedding, a family council was called to figure out the ages of the contracting couple.

Sometimes it required arduous labor to reach satisfactory conclusions in this line, with vague reference to "two years before the big wind," and that time when the "Democrats last carried Maine." All in all, it was a perplexing problem until the newspapers came to the rescue and set the minds of all—except the bride-at-ease by publishing the ages.

Now, the prospective brides—not the real young ones—have banded together to have the newspapers stop this practice. They say "We are made unhappy by what the horrid man writes," and add, "He does it only to fill space and get more money from the paper."

That "horrid reporter" has caused scores of elopements, the girls say, because people won't be married in town where their ages are publicized. So there!

Miss Fullblown Talks.

Miss Rose Fullblown presents her views on the age question as follows:

Editor The Washington Herald:

I don't believe you realize how unhappy you have been making some of the ladies of Washington for several years by letting that horrid man who organizes the marriage licenses for your paper put in the ages of the people. Of course, the men don't care, and the very young girls don't care, but there are some of us still fair enough and young enough to win the heart of some dear man, even though we have reached the age when we should be linked to it in holy matrimony. A few of us are—outgrowing this new life during the day."

I have made up my mind to write this letter and ask you to stop that horrid man from putting in the ages. I believe he does it just to fill his space, anyway, and get more money from you.

It is bad enough to know that your age must go in with your death notice, and I have always tried to hope maybe I would then be so old that I would not care; but just when a woman wants to have the happiest time of her life, it is very hard to be bothered about all of one's old grump who you know are talking about how long ago you were a "babe."

Now please save us from thinking of doing what lots of the old, young girls did last winter. Just went to some other town, pretending to elope, when they really wanted a nice home wedding with all the faithful due to every woman's heart—all on account of that horrid reporter on your staff.

MISS ROSE FULLBLOWN.

From the Boston Transcript.

Fig—My wife wants a new silk dress. Fig—Are you going to let her have it. Fig—Yes, it's a case of silks or sulks.

The Alternative.

From the Boston Transcript.

Fig—My wife wants a new silk dress. Fig—Are you going to let her have it. Fig—Yes, it's a case of silks or sulks.

From the Boston Transcript.

Fig—My wife wants a new silk dress. Fig—Are you going to let her have it. Fig—Yes, it's a case of silks or sulks.

From the Boston Transcript.

Fig—My wife wants a new silk dress. Fig—Are you going to let her have it. Fig—Yes, it's a case of silks or sulks.

From the Boston Transcript.

Fig—My wife wants a new silk dress. Fig—Are you going to let her have it. Fig—Yes, it's a case of silks or sulks.

From the Boston Transcript.

Fig—My wife wants a new silk dress. Fig—Are you going to let her have it. Fig—Yes, it's a case of silks or sulks.

From the Boston Transcript.

Fig—My wife wants a new silk dress. Fig—Are you going to let her have it. Fig—Yes, it's a case of silks or sulks.

From the Boston Transcript.

Fig—My wife wants a new silk dress. Fig—Are you going to let her have it. Fig—Yes, it's a case of silks or sulks.

From the Boston Transcript.

Fig—My wife wants a new silk dress. Fig—Are you going to let her have it. Fig—Yes, it's a case of silks or sulks.

From the Boston Transcript.

Fig—My wife wants a new silk dress. Fig—Are you going to let her have it. Fig—Yes, it's a case of silks or sulks.

From the Boston Transcript.

Fig—My wife wants a new silk dress. Fig—Are you going to let her have it. Fig—Yes, it's a case of silks or sulks.

From the Boston Transcript.

Fig—My wife wants a new silk dress. Fig—Are you going to let her have it. Fig—Yes, it's a case of silks or sulks.

OWNS HEALTH RULES

English Viscountess Plans to Teach Them.

WILL ILLUSTRATE BY PICTURES

She Is Sending Out a Biograph Wagon—Plans to Have It Traverse Every Part of England—Ten Commandments Will Show the Right and Only Way to Live.

From the New York Mail.

The Viscountess Muriel Helmsley has organized a movement to preach the gospel of health throughout Great Britain and the empire. Many distinguished men and women and noted physicians have joined the association.

Caravans with lectures and moving pictures are to traverse every part of the country, and one of the caravans has already started on a tour of the southwest counties of England. From the caravans, lectures and demonstrations on health will be given, illustrated by biograph pictures. The following are the viscountess's ten health commandments, to be taught to the subjects of King George:

Rules to Health.

1. Keep windows open day and night.
2. Do not spit.
3. Breathe through the nose by keeping the mouth shut.
4. Drink pure water.
5. Eat slowly; take well cooked meals; cultivate regular habits.
6. Wear loose clothing of seasonable material.
7. Take regular open air exercise in sunshine, if possible.
8. Wash the whole body at least once a week.
9. Work, but do not worry.
10. Get house drains certified by sanitary authority.

The viscountess says the Women's Imperial Health Association of Great Britain has no funds and no axes to grind.

"This is essentially a women's movement," says Miss R. V. Gill, the secretary. "We want to deal with the health question at its very foundation, and so we are going to teach the mothers of England how to rear and nurture their children that they may become strong and healthy citizens. The young girls will be especially appealed to."

The first "caravan" was dedicated by Miss Lena Ashwell by breaking a flask of pure water over one of the wheels.

That's So!

From Judge.

The baby that can kiss its toes knows how to make both ends meet.

From Judge.

The baby that can kiss its toes knows how to make both ends meet.

From Judge.

The baby that can kiss its toes knows how to make both ends meet.

From Judge.

The baby that can kiss its toes knows how to make both ends meet.

From Judge.

The baby that can kiss its toes knows how to make both ends meet.

From Judge.

The baby that can kiss its toes knows how to make both ends meet.

From Judge.

The baby that can kiss its toes knows how to make both ends meet.

From Judge.

The baby that can kiss its toes knows how to make both ends meet.

LIFE AND OPTIMISTS.

Continued from Page Four.

Brings Riches to Wanderer Supposed Dead.

MAKES WHEREABOUTS KNOWN

Cornelius Carney, of Oklahoma, Thought to Have Perished in San Francisco Earthquake, Turns Up in Chicago Recently. The man is now a resident of Oklahoma City, but who was thought to have perished in the San Francisco earthquake and fire in April, 1906.

The story he told in court was to this effect: He was born thirty years ago in Troy, N. Y., a member of a large family, whose head, John Carney, was far more noted for his convivial habits than for thrift and industry. Consequently the little Carneys found life in William street alleys a struggle, in which dirt and want were daily factors. To allay conditions Cornelius, at the age of thirteen years, ran away and started out to see the world.

After several years of wandering Carney enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, serving for six years.

Early in his Carney was in China, and wrote home that he was sailing soon for San Francisco. That was the last his relatives heard of him.

In 1908 Mrs. Anna F. Baker, who was Mrs. Carney's sister, died in Chicago, leaving an estate of \$3,000,000, of which a considerable part went to the Carney children, who had grown up and prospered in Troy. To settle up the estate it was necessary to find Cornelius alive or prove him dead. Finally, the courts decided he was dead, not knowing he was in Oklahoma.

Within a short time Cornelius' share in his aunt's estate would have gone to Cook County, but, fortunately for him, he sent a souvenir post card to his sister, Mrs. Lizzie Pratt, of Troy, who at once wrote him that he was one of the heirs to his aunt's estate.

In court Carney proved heirship and will receive \$20,000 as his share of the estate.

IT MAY BE:
(In memory of my daughter Katie.)
It may be that our souls to-day
Are spirits from ancestral clay.
That thrill our hearts with hope and love,
Preparing us for climes above!

It may be in celestial lands
We'll clasp again with outstretched hands,
And then renew the love and truth
That once we bore in rushing youth!

It may be that sweet songs of earth
Far o'er the stars will sound new birth,
And there, enwreathed with truth and smiles,
We'll sing them through bright heavenly aisles!

It may be that around the throne
Of great Jehovah, vast and lone,
All human creatures He will save,
Beyond the gloom that gilds the grave!

JOHN A. JOYCE.
Washington, D. C., Sept. 24, 1910.

POST CARD IN TIME

Brings Riches to Wanderer Supposed Dead.

MAKES WHEREABOUTS KNOWN

Cornelius Carney, of Oklahoma, Thought to Have Perished in San Francisco Earthquake, Turns Up in Chicago Recently. The man is now a resident of Oklahoma City, but who was thought to have perished in the San Francisco earthquake and fire in April, 1906.

The story he told in court was to this effect: He was born thirty years ago in Troy, N. Y., a member of a large family, whose head, John Carney, was far more noted for his convivial habits than for thrift and industry. Consequently the little Carneys found life in William street alleys a struggle, in which dirt and want were daily factors. To allay conditions Cornelius, at the age of thirteen years, ran away and started out to see the world.

After several years of wandering Carney enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, serving for six years.

Early in his Carney was in China, and wrote home that he was sailing soon for San Francisco. That was the last his relatives heard of him.

In 1908 Mrs. Anna F. Baker, who was Mrs. Carney's sister, died in Chicago, leaving an estate of \$3,000,000, of which a considerable part went to the Carney children, who had grown up and prospered in Troy. To settle up the estate it was necessary to find Cornelius alive or prove him dead. Finally, the courts decided he was dead, not knowing he was in Oklahoma.

Within a short time Cornelius' share in his aunt's estate would have gone to Cook County, but, fortunately for him, he sent a souvenir post card to his sister, Mrs. Lizzie Pratt, of Troy, who at once wrote him that he was one of the heirs to his aunt's estate.

In court Carney proved heirship and will receive \$20,000 as his share of the estate.

IT MAY BE:
(In memory of my daughter Katie.)
It may be that our souls to-day
Are spirits from ancestral clay.
That thrill our hearts with hope and love,
Preparing us for climes above!

It may be in celestial lands
We'll clasp again with outstretched hands,
And then renew the love and truth
That once we bore in rushing youth!

It may be that sweet songs of earth
Far o'er the stars will sound new birth,
And there, enwreathed with truth and smiles,
We'll sing them through bright heavenly aisles!

It may be that around the throne
Of great Jehovah, vast and lone,
All human creatures He will save,
Beyond the gloom that gilds the grave!

JOHN A. JOYCE.
Washington, D. C., Sept. 24, 1910.